

## Portraits of the Author as AM\*

To the barricades in army jacket, many-pocketed, and  
against no urban ruin of black, flattened Newark,  
rather a backyard garage, plastic barrels  
cropped out.

Irish Buddha in tweeds n' pipe.  
(Sure n' enough said on THAT paucity.)  
Fireplace.

Oh Summery porch, oversized t-shirt  
picturing endangered species, creeping  
shorts. wrinklely-  
winkely asexual nebbish, ultra  
politically correct.  
Ocean.

Shiny lunberjack--has worked with hands,  
clearing underbrush ('round  
hot tub) visible scratch on one. Soft-focus  
tree.

Wall Street Clone (the times they were a  
chargin') no bone to pick or  
in his pants. Harmonious buildings,  
half-lit.

Baseball jacket and cap, yet tie, a  
blasted urban visionary loosened plus Joe Fan.  
Playground.

(Inject latest example here.)

\*AM=asshole of the moment